

"DISAPPOINTING"--Says

Alan Dale of Cleo de Merode.

Who Is to Star in the States Next Fall.

"When I was a child I had my hair cut in the style of the little English Princes, with a long, straight bang over the forehead."

"The bang grew and grew, until finally it became a nuisance. So I cultivated it and brushed it over my ears. Paris thought it eccentric."

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Merode's Wonderful Eye and Wonderful Hair.

Mlle. de Merode disappoints me very much. She has a little wizened nose, which is shaded by dark wavy hair that falls down on each side, and is tucked round her ears. It is a style that she has originated or revived, and it is rather a pretty style. Her eyes are dark, her mouth petite and graced by charming teeth, but since I have been in Paris I have seen five hundred prettier women, none of whom owned "reputations." She is young—very young—and she stands before me I can't help thinking that she wants to convey the impression that she is arch and ingenious. To that I say: Ah, non, alors!

Madeleine wears a bodice of canvas, and though it is morning two huge solitary diamonds glisten upon her breast. Her skirt is of silk that flows. She has a tidy and compact little air of her own, and I try to persuade myself that she is delightful. As a matter of fact, she isn't.

"Monsieur," she says, and her voice is squeaky, like one of the Jumeau dolls that say "Papa," "Mama." "I go to America, but I go hesitatingly. I have no idea what it is like. I have never left Paris, and I am very much afraid to do so. But I shall be six weeks away, and six weeks is a very short time, n'est-ce pas? I am to appear at Koster & Bial's, and I should be very much obliged to you if you could tell me what sort of a place it is."

What sort of a place it is! Am I Koster & Bial's press agent that she asks me this thing? I tell her that it is very chic, and blue velvet, and well kept, and proper, and she heaves a sigh of relief.

"If it is chic," she says in her exasperating squeak, "I am satisfied. You know I am very particular. Nothing would induce me to appear at the Folies-Bergere here, because I consider it trivial and kitsch. I have had pretty offers to dance there, but I wouldn't do it. Mamma wouldn't let me. Mamma is very fastidious. Perhaps you did not know, monsieur, that I have a mamma?"

A cough in the adjoining apartment proceeds, apparently, from the parental throat. Mamma is there—possibly ready to step in

should Cleo say anything stupid. And I cannot help admiring this forethought, for Cleo seems inclined to say little else.

"Yes, monsieur, mamma will go with me to America. I am most anxious that you, in your journalistic capacity, should tell the Americans that I am a femme tres serieuse. There are people here who credit me with frivolity, but do not believe them, monsieur. I am serious to the point of desperation."

I must have been mistaken, but, really, it seemed to me that at this point I saw a wink—just the slightest suspicion of a wink.

"Some French artists go to New York to have a good time, apart from their stage career. Ah, do not tell me to the contrary. It is true, monsieur. Mamma says so. It is deplorable, do you not think so? I am constituted differently. In America, monsieur, I shall dance, and dance, and dance, not looking to the right or to the left. It is tout simplement, a question of business with me. You will not fail to say this, I hope. I wish to impress it upon you."

I cannot repress a smile. Mlle. Cleo de Merode is so utterly ordinary, so completely uninteresting and so marvellously un-chic for a French woman that her play at seriousness strikes me as a game with a purpose.

A cough from mamma breaks in upon us.

"I am now twenty," she goes on. "It is a long time, is it not? It is the classical dances that I interpret—the dance on tiptoe, in the usual tarlatan skirts. Perhaps you imagined that I did the Otero manoeuvres and all that sort of thing. Not at all. I dance classically, for it is the only dance that is worth cultivating. All else is child's play. Every day of my life I practise, and while I am in New York I shall adhere to the same regime."

"Well, you know, when I was a child I had my hair cut in the style of the little English Princes, with a long, straight bang over the forehead. The bang grew and grew, until finally it became a nuisance. So I cultivated it and brushed it over my ears. I found that this eccentric culture suited me well. Paris thought it eccentric. Therefore I adopted it as my own and have established a specialty."

ALAN DALE.



Cleo as a Ballet Girl.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

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"Yes, monsieur, mamma will go with me to America. I am most anxious that you should tell the Americans that I am a femme tres serieuse. I am serious to the point of desperation."

ALAN DALE'S INTERVIEW WITH CLEO DE MERODE.

PARIS, June 23.—I promised myself before I came to Paris that I would call upon Mlle. Cleo de Merode, the Parisian beauty, who is to visit New York next season to the remunerative tune of 45,000 francs for six weeks. Yes, I promised myself that. And here I am, doing the boulevards vigorously, absinthe at the cafes and sipping the elusive "managan" for breakfast and luncheon and supper. I had heard that Cleo de Merode in New York—oh, yes, in New York—had somehow or other expected to find her name blazoned forth on the kiosks and illumined upon the highways and byways. Yet—as I said three lines ago—here I am in Paris, and upon my honest parole, I have not yet heard her lady's name mentioned.

What can it mean? Yvette's illustrious tip is set forth in letters of gas at the Ambassadeurs. Little Heidi is kiosk-ed everywhere as holding forth at the Folies-Marigny. Where is Cleo de Merode? Can she be a myth? Are all these festive little stories about the statue for which she is presumed to have posed more Koster & Bialisms, designed to set her forth as a sort of a Brillon sister? I can scarcely credit it. I go boldly up to a French know-everything at the Grand Hotel and bottomhole him.

"Dites-moi, monsieur," I say in acrid French, "can you tell me if there is a well-known woman in Paris called Cleo de Merode? I was told that she was a great artist, a dancer such as there are few. Enlighten me, je vous en prie."

The monsieur smiles rather provokingly. All French messieurs smile provokingly. "Mais oui," he says with a shrug, "Cleo de Merode is in Paris. She dances at the Grand Opera. She is in the petit ballet in 'L'etole.' What will you with her? We know her well. As a grand artist—ah, non, alors! Ha! Ha! Ha! As a woman with a reputation—a reputation, monsieur. Cleo de Merode is not wanting in popularity. She goes to America, you tell me. What droll people the Americans are. What do they want with Cleo de Merode? C'est epantant! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

Cleo de Merode's apartment is next door to a shop where they sell bronze clocks. It is just a stone's throw from the Grand Hotel. The quarter is nice, but not at all chic. A feminine concierge looks at me suspiciously as I tell her that I wish to mount to mademoiselle's flat, but her suspicion is dissipated by my frank yet candid glances. There is a lift which the tenants of the flat work for themselves. I can't do it. My education has been neglected. I cannot run an elevator. I shall take a lesson in the Journal office when I get back.

A very sedate-looking, middle-aged domestique opens the door of Mlle. de Merode's abiding place, and ushers me into a drawing room that is singularly cool and pleasant to look upon. There are pictures of the Merode ancestors. There is a table littered with albums, and bric-a-brac, and bibelots and Farinon gewgaws. The furniture is old. There is no carpet, but a parquet floor.

Millionaire Who Must Go to Jail for Clearing His Throat in Public.

A SAN FRANCISCO money maker has literally spat himself into a pool of fame. Now his mouth has made him a character of national renown—William B. Bradbury, the human fountain. He goes to jail for salivary delirium of a street car.

Following in the way of the older cities of the country, San Francisco has an ordinance that prohibits spitting on floors of street cars and on sidewalks.

Public attention is called to the ordinance by cards posted in the San Francisco street cars, bearing the red cross of Malta, that signifies the saving of life wherever it may be seen, from Ping Yang to Thessaly. One evening Mr. Capitalist Bradbury, bound for his imposing mansion at the corner of California street and Van Ness avenue, was asked by a conductor of the street car on which he was riding to read and to heed that sign. There was reason for the request, for Mr. Bradbury, who has the quill toothpick habit, though he chews neither tobacco nor gum, had been violating the ordinance, possibly without intention or consideration.

When the capitalist read the sign he quoted the Declaration of Independence, with Bradbury revision. He had the right to spit when and where he might choose. No city government could take from him this inalienable right to spit. He spat maliciously. Every time the conductor looked at him he added to the lake on the floor. In three blocks he spat seventy times. The conductor kept the tally. Then Mr. Capitalist Bradbury was arrested, the arrest being the first in the country for "illegal expectoration." He declared that he would test the validity of the ordinance in the highest courts of the country, and posed as a Hamden resisting the enforcement of an oppressive law. Police Judge Low fined him \$5. Bradbury appealed, and went spit-tingly on his way.

He rode in street cars, marking his course by a trail of his own saliva.

Mr. Capitalist Bradbury was arrested again. The Police Judge said that the conduct of the capitalist showed the purpose, continuously to offend the law. The Judge then sentenced the capitalist to serve twenty-four hours in the city prison, which is not a pleasant place, without alternative of fine.

The capitalist again took an appeal from the judgment of the Police Court. Public sentiment gave no support, however, to the new declaration of independence. Instead of halting him as Hamden, the populace called him nasty. He was no hero even in the slums. He ceased to spit in the cars. He offered to pay two fines, providing the sentence of imprisonment be revoked. On appeal the judgments of the lower court were confirmed. The case then went to the Appellate Court.



(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Portrait of the San Francisco Millionaire Who Was Convicted of Violating the Anti-Spitting Law—The Bars Were Added by the Artist.



Cleo as a Statue.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The statue of the dancer, by Falguiere, which the Paris gossips declared Merode posed for, and which set all France to talking. Merode swore she only posed for the head.

SMUGGLING TO BE STOPPED BY MEANS OF X-RAYS.

WHEN it had been clearly established that with the Roentgen ray a man might look right through any old thing, a great shudder went over modest humanity. The possibility of being the subject of a search-light inspection at any time or hour immediately became apparent.

Now the ray has found a new use for itself. It will be put in detective service; in fact, there will come a time when the ray machine in miniature will be on the market as the "Little Detective," or the "Night Owl," or some such article in the "Boys' Useful Employment" catalogues of the novelty dealers. The idea of employing the rays as an adjunct to the detective service is, of course, French—it is French to have conceived it. The immediate and experimental work will be done in the Department of Customs.

Human ingenuity finds its limit in the endeavors of people to beat the custom house officers. The devices employed are without number. The legs of a chair bored out and made the receptacle for diamonds and other precious stones have been the means of cheating the customs out of thousands of dollars. The cushions of a steamer chair have been stuffed with contraband. Cigars carried in the pocket have been filled with dutiable goods of high rate.

There is where the ray will get in its best clicks. Turned on a chair leg the ray will instantly show the presence of any foreign object imbedded therein. A cigar would be poor protection for a nest of diamonds, and a cushion will show up its contents as clearly as if you had raised a window and peered in! The smuggler, male and female, will find this all-seeing eye upon him and his when he lands at a French port, and small chance there is that he will escape a vigilance which truly never sleeps nor even closes an eye in as much as a passing wink.

The machine which the French Government has had constructed for use at the Gare du Nord is too bulky for easy transportation, but smaller ones, which a man may carry about with him as he would a camera are under process of construction. The big machine, it is said, will reveal the entire contents of a trunk, be it of what material it may.

Next season when you go to Paris you will have the novel experience of holding your bag while a gentleman in uniform turns on the light, and tells you to pass on. He may take a look through your numberless pockets at the same time. All things considered, you had just as well undress for him and be done with it.

In the whole scheme, which the French officials say is perfectly practicable, there is one comfort—the whole world will not stand around and watch you unpack a trunkful of apparel, and your private life will still be your own, except, of course, for the fellow behind the ray. He will be omniscient.



"Next season, when you go to Paris, you will have the novel experience of holding your bag while a gentleman in uniform turns on the X ray, looks through your assortment of linen, and tells you to pass on."